Dutisch
89

SHRIEK™

Your prescription for horror.℠

ISSUE NUMBER TWO

Edited by Tom Skulan and Steve Bissette

YO! SHRIEK COMIN' AT YOU FROM FANTACO HEADQUARTERS! I'M OUT OF MY SKULL HERE AND ALL TIED UP! GORE IS STILL VERY CROSS WITH ME... YOU'D THINK HAVING MY OWN BOOK WOULD BE OKAY, BUT NOOOOO! HE'S STILL GOT A BONE TO PICK! THE WAY THINGS ARE GOING, HE'S GONNA CRUCIFY ME!
GORE
SHRIEK
ERIC TALBOT
STEVE BISSETTE
1989.

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ISSUE NUMBER TWO

SHRIEK™

Your prescription for horror.℠

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"Shriek pro quo"

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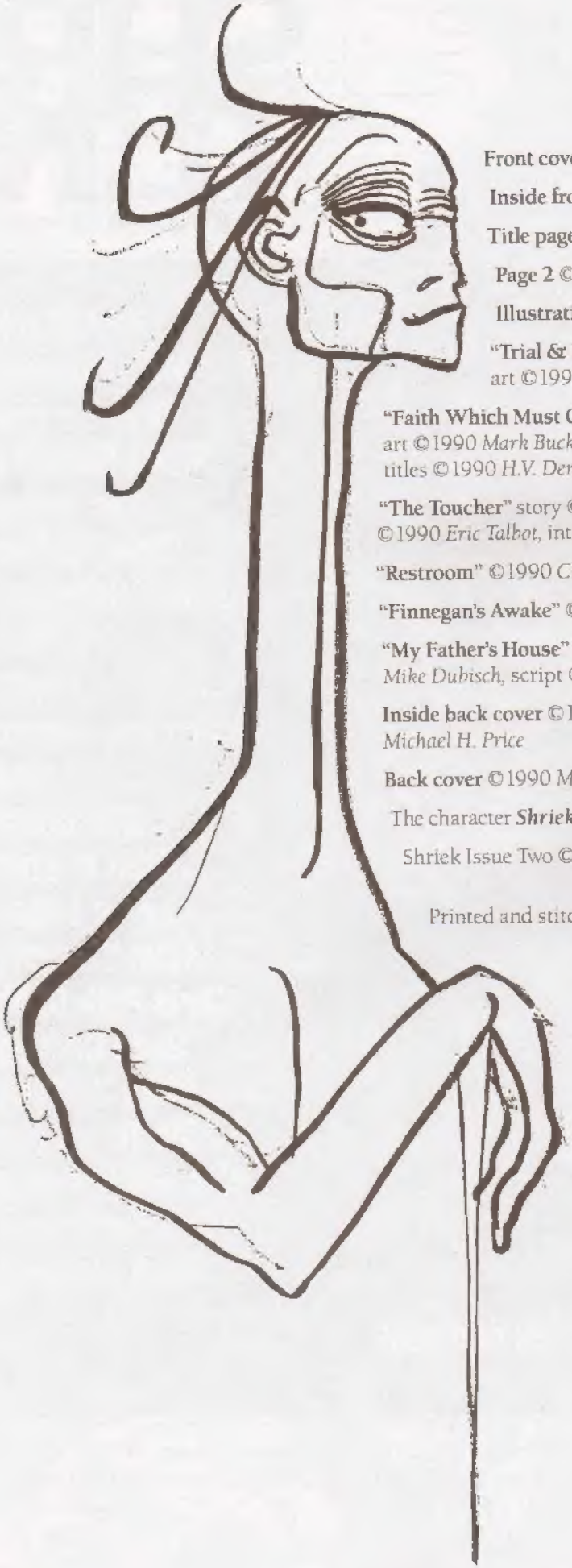

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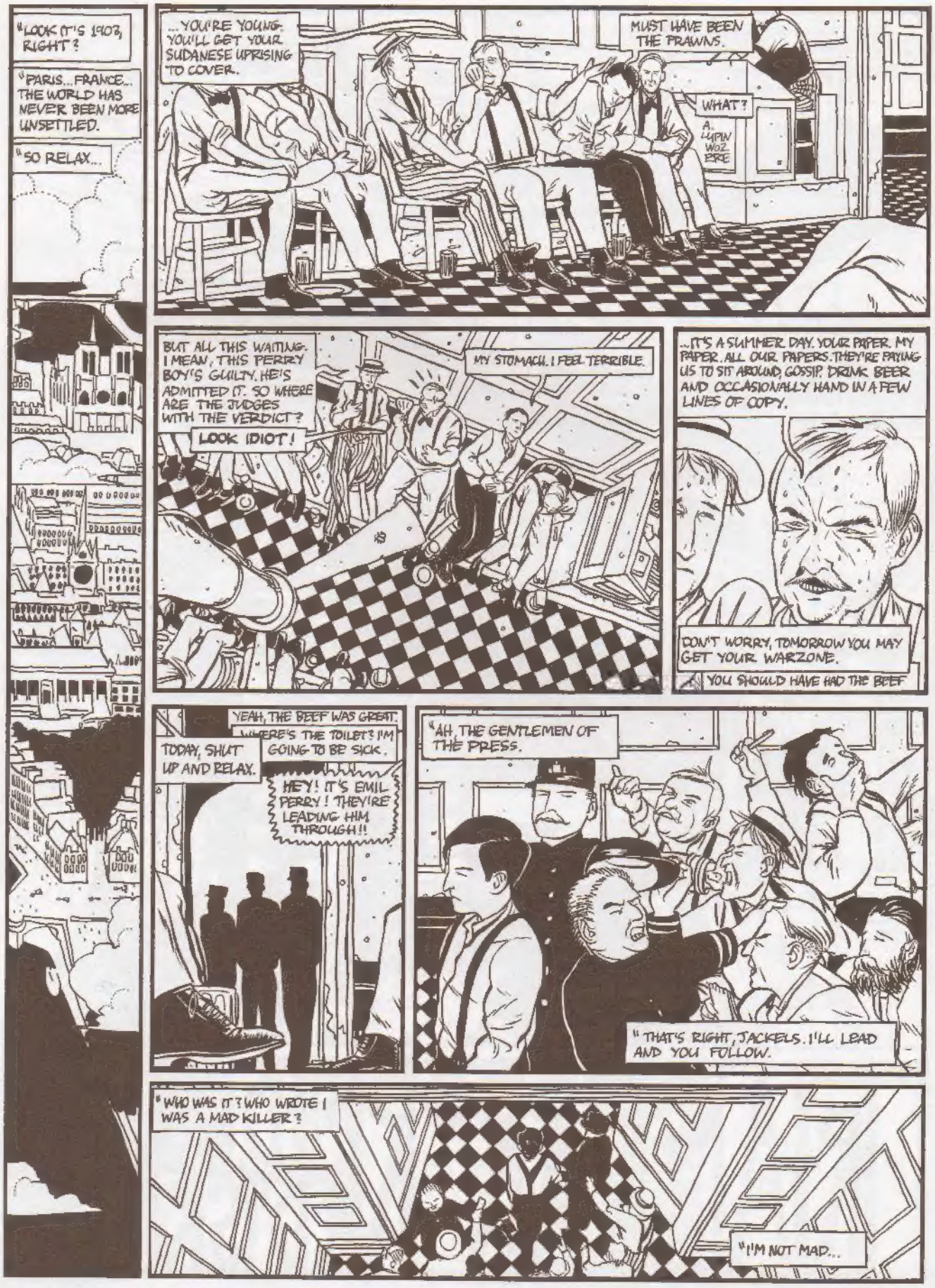
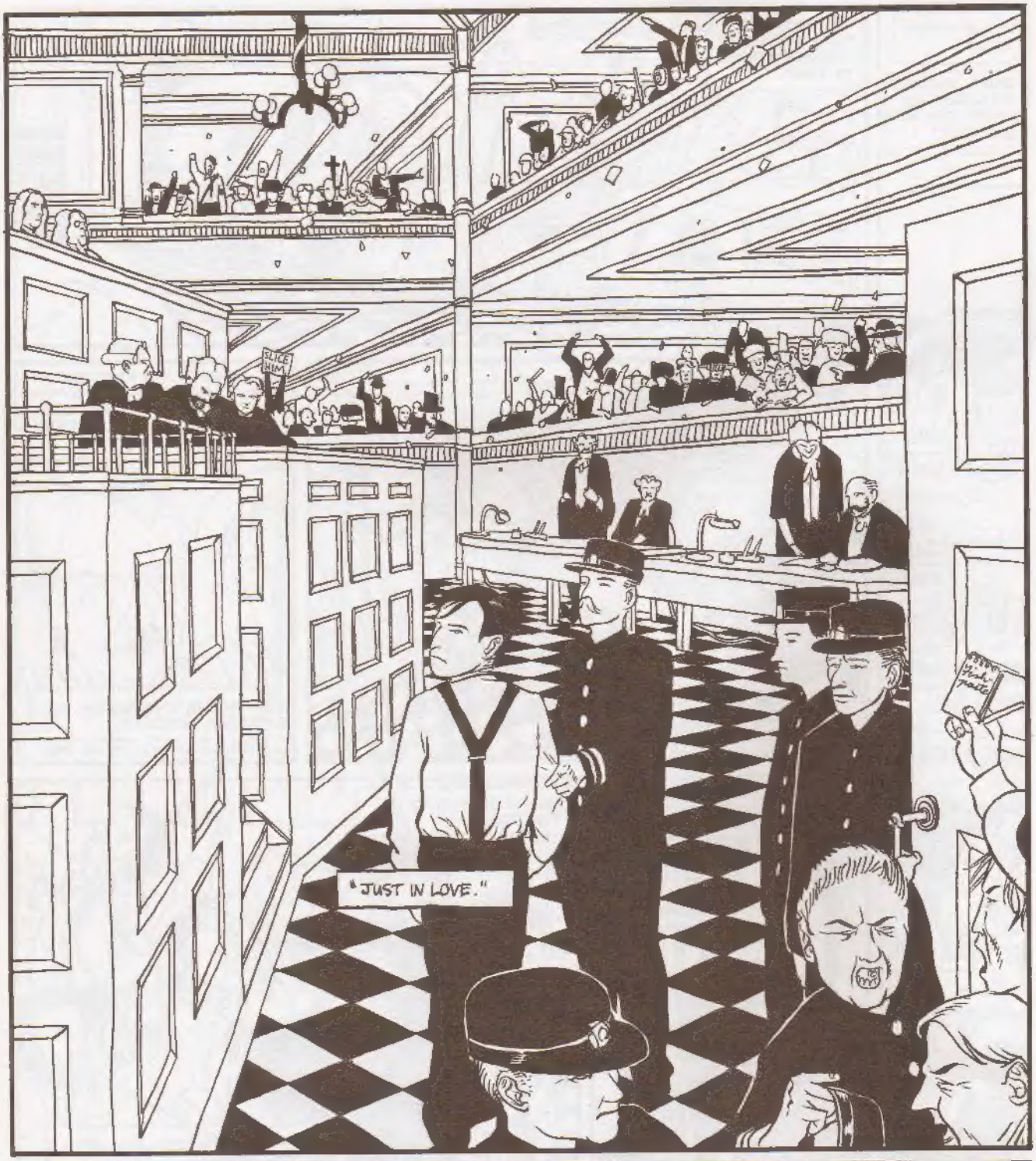
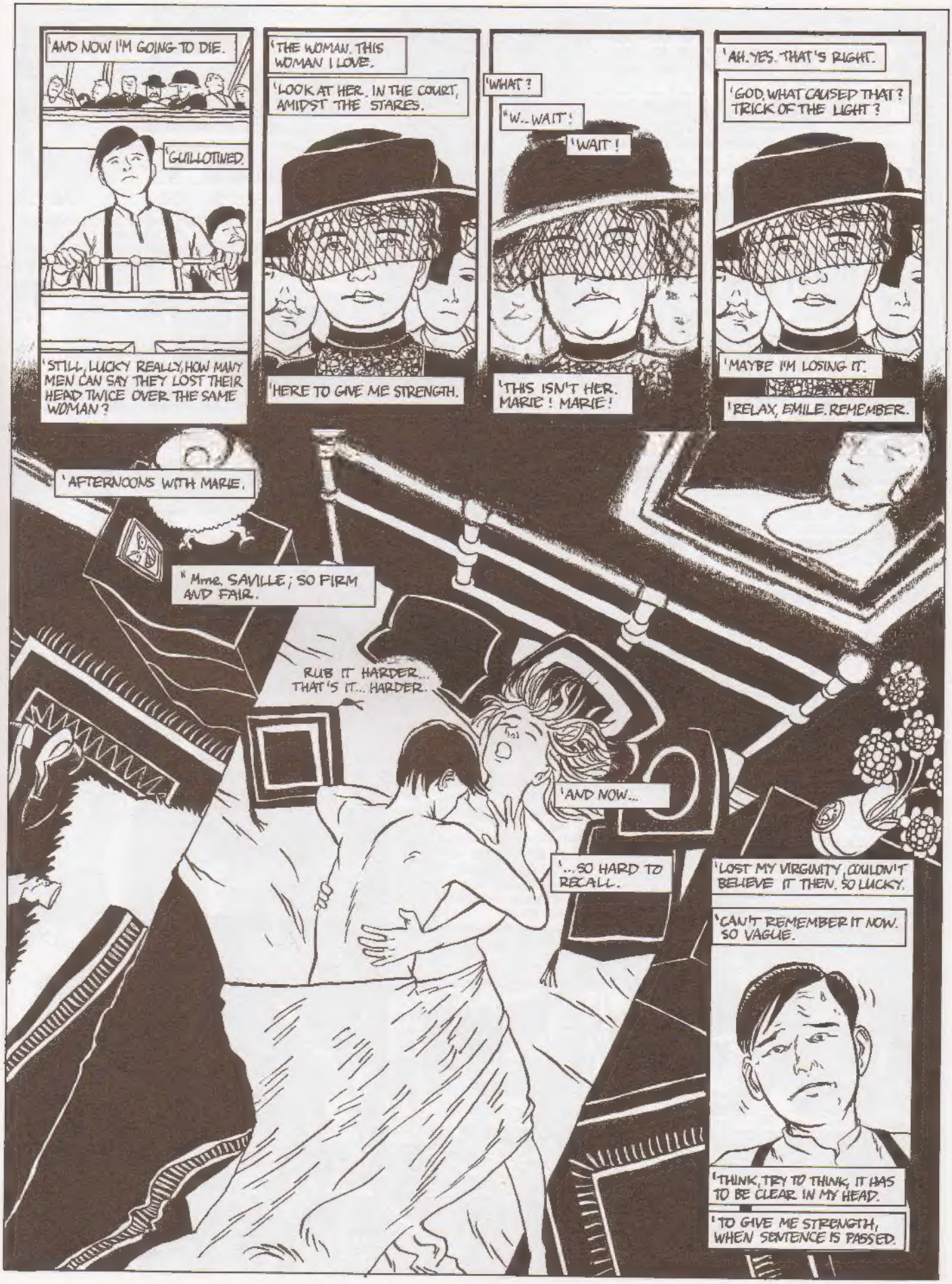
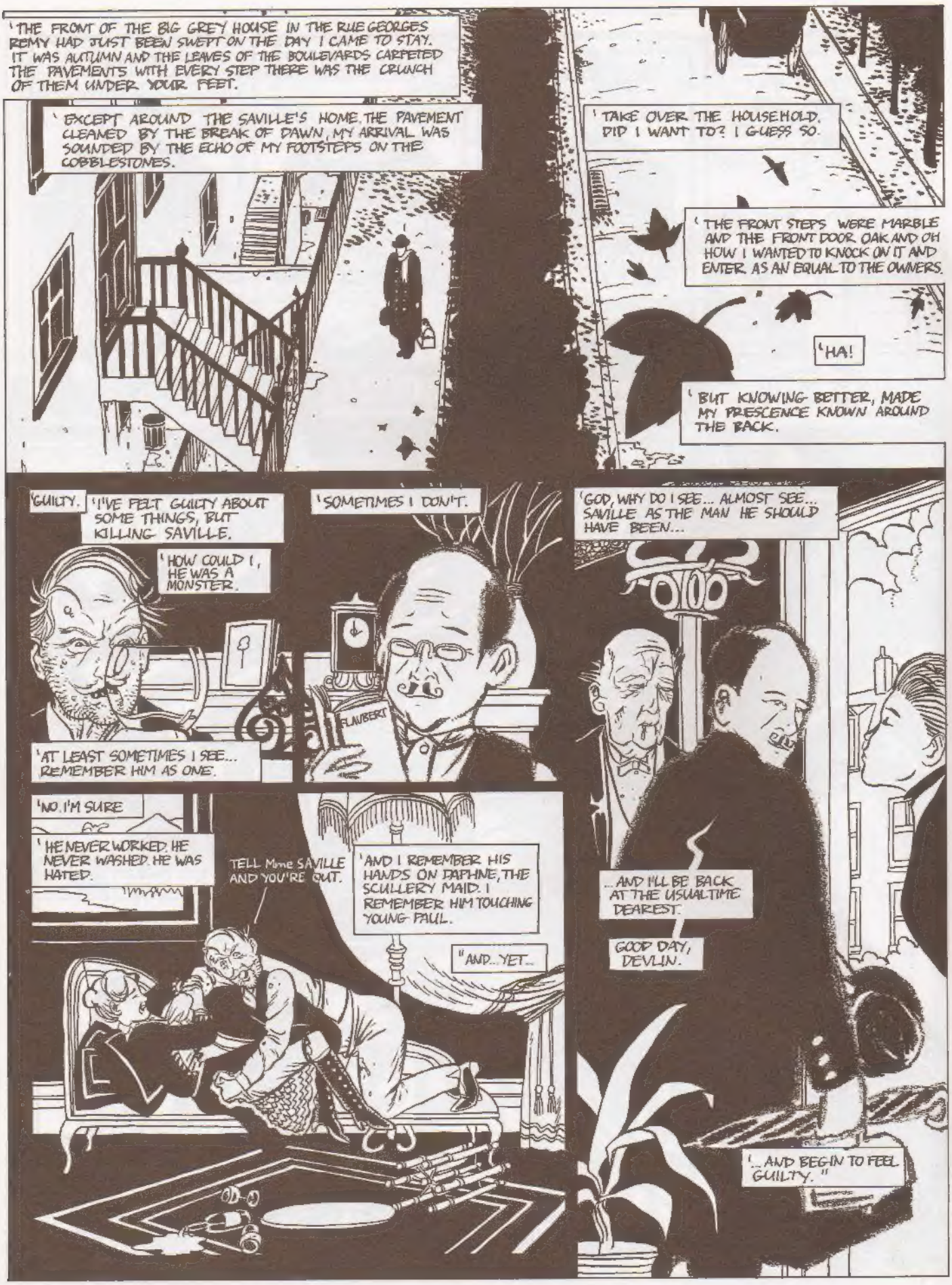

"LOOK IT'S 1903, RIGHT?
"PARIS... FRANCE... THE WORLD HAS NEVER BEEN MORE UNSETTLED.
"SO RELAX...
...YOU'RE YOUNG. YOU'LL GET YOUR SUDANESE UPRISING TO COVER.
MUST HAVE BEEN THE PRAWNS.
WHAT?
A. LUPIN WOZ ERE
BUT ALL THIS WAITING. I MEAN, THIS PERRY BOY'S GUILTY. HE'S ADMITTED IT. SO WHERE ARE THE JUDGES WITH THE VERDICT?
LOOK IDIOT!
MY STOMACH. I FEEL TERRIBLE.
...IT'S A SUMMER DAY. YOUR PAPER. MY PAPER. ALL OUR PAPERS. THEY'RE PAYING US TO SIT AROUND, GOSSIP, DRINK BEER AND OCCASIONALLY HAND IN A FEW LINES OF COPY.
DON'T WORRY, TOMORROW YOU MAY GET YOUR WARZONE.
YOU SHOULD HAVE HAD THE BEEF
YEAH, THE BEEF WAS GREAT. WHERE'S THE TOILET? I'M GOING TO BE SICK.
TODAY, SHUT UP AND RELAX.
HEY! IT'S EMIL PERRY! THEY'RE LEADING HIM THROUGH!!
"AH, THE GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS.
"THAT'S RIGHT, JACKELS. I'LL LEAD AND YOU FOLLOW.
"WHO WAS IT? WHO WROTE I WAS A MAD KILLER?
"I'M NOT MAD...



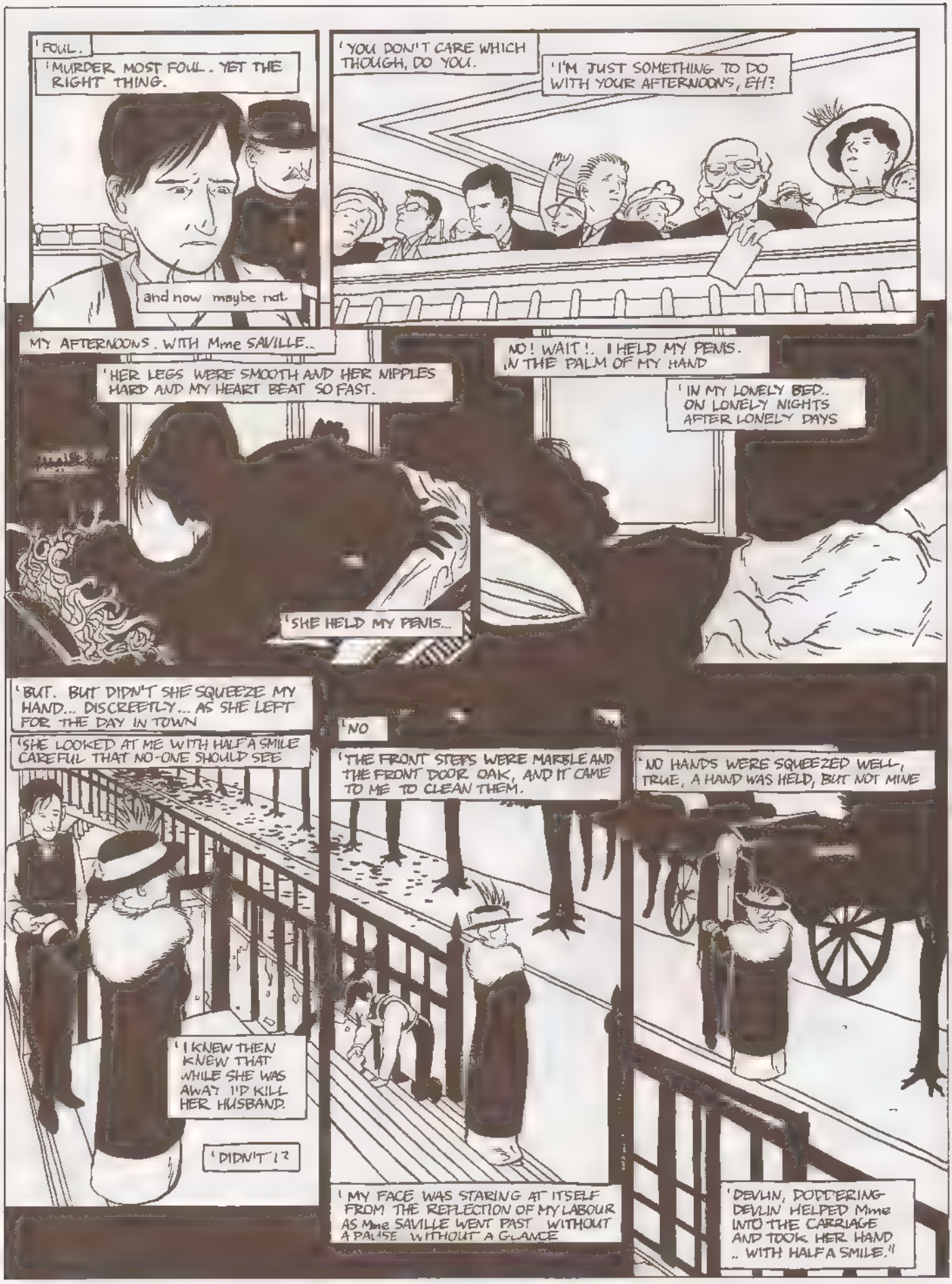
TRIAL & ERROR

BY J.D. ROBINSON & D'ISRAELI


'AND NOW I'M GOING TO DIE.
'GUILLOTINED.
'STILL, LUCKY REALLY, HOW MANY MEN CAN SAY THEY LOST THEIR HEAD TWICE OVER THE SAME WOMAN?
'THE WOMAN. THIS WOMAN I LOVE.
'LOOK AT HER. IN THE COURT, AMIDST THE STARES.
'HERE TO GIVE ME STRENGTH.
'WHAT?
"W... WAIT!
'WAIT!
'THIS ISN'T HER. MARIE! MARIE!
'AH. YES. THAT'S RIGHT.
'GOD, WHAT CAUSED THAT? TRICK OF THE LIGHT?
'MAYBE I'M LOSING IT.
'RELAX, EMILE. REMEMBER.
'AFTERNOONS WITH MARIE.
" Mme. SAVILLE; SO FIRM AND FAIR.
RUB IT HARDER... THAT'S IT... HARDER.
'AND NOW...
'...SO HARD TO RECALL.
'LOST MY VIRGINITY, COULDN'T BELIEVE IT THEN. SO LUCKY.
'CAN'T REMEMBER IT NOW. SO VAGUE.
'THINK, TRY TO THINK, IT HAS TO BE CLEAR IN MY HEAD.
'TO GIVE ME STRENGTH, WHEN SENTENCE IS PASSED.

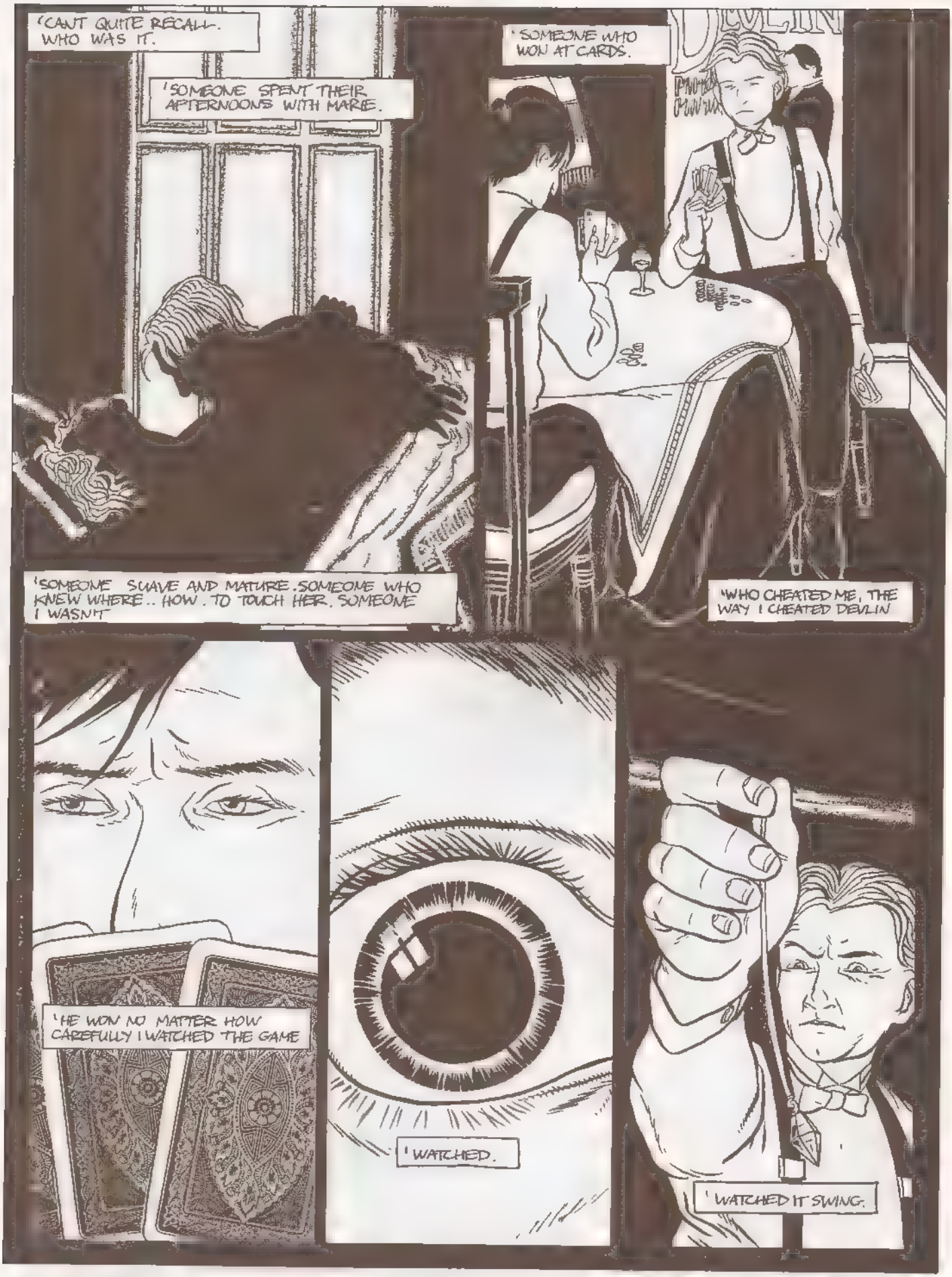

'THE FRONT OF THE BIG GREY HOUSE IN THE RUE GEORGES REMY HAD JUST BEEN SWEPT ON THE DAY I CAME TO STAY. IT WAS AUTUMN AND THE LEAVES OF THE BOULEVARDS CARPETED THE PAVEMENTS WITH EVERY STEP THERE WAS THE CRUNCH OF THEM UNDER YOUR FEET.
'EXCEPT AROUND THE SAVILLE'S HOME, THE PAVEMENT CLEANED BY THE BREAK OF DAWN, MY ARRIVAL WAS SOUNDED BY THE ECHO OF MY FOOTSTEPS ON THE COBBLESTONES.
'TAKE OVER THE HOUSEHOLD. DID I WANT TO? I GUESS SO.
'THE FRONT STEPS WERE MARBLE AND THE FRONT DOOR OAK AND OH HOW I WANTED TO KNOCK ON IT AND ENTER AS AN EQUAL TO THE OWNERS.
'HA!
'BUT KNOWING BETTER, MADE MY PRESCENCE KNOWN AROUND THE BACK.
'GUILTY.
'I'VE FELT GUILTY ABOUT SOME THINGS, BUT KILLING SAVILLE.
'HOW COULD I, HE WAS A MONSTER.
'AT LEAST SOMETIMES I SEE... REMEMBER HIM AS ONE.
'SOMETIMES I DON'T.
FLAUBERT
'NO, I'M SURE
'HE NEVER WORKED. HE NEVER WASHED. HE WAS HATED.
TELL Mme SAVILLE AND YOU'RE OUT.
'AND I REMEMBER HIS HANDS ON DAPHNE, THE SCULLERY MAID. I REMEMBER HIM TOUCHING YOUNG PAUL.
"AND... YET...
'GOD, WHY DO I SEE... ALMOST SEE... SAVILLE AS THE MAN HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN...
...AND I'LL BE BACK AT THE USUAL TIME DEAREST.
GOOD DAY, DEVLIN.
'...AND BEGIN TO FEEL GUILTY."

'HANG ON EMILE, SORT YOURSELF OUT, BOY. THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE
'THINK OF ...
'DEVLIN
'DEVLIN-D.D.D. DODDERY
DOPEY
'DECREPID
'DEVLIN
'YOU LOVED YOUR PAST. MUSIC HALL? THEATRE? SOMETHING LIKE THAT, WASN'T IT?
'YOU LOVED THE CARDS. YOU LOVED TO PLAY
'HOW DID YOU HOLD THE HOUSE TOGETHER YOU WERE SO OLD YOU COULDN'T HOLD YOUR BLADDER
'BUMBLING BUTLER RESPECTED BY NO ONE.
'DON'T CHANGE BE CONSTANT IN MY MEMORY
'AND I LOVED TO WIN, BY FAIR MEANS OR FOUL.


'FOUL.
'MURDER MOST FOUL. YET THE RIGHT THING.
and now maybe not
'YOU DON'T CARE WHICH THOUGH, DO YOU.
'I'M JUST SOMETHING TO DO WITH YOUR AFTERNOONS, EH?
MY AFTERNOONS. WITH Mme SAVILLE..
'HER LEGS WERE SMOOTH AND HER NIPPLES HARD AND MY HEART BEAT SO FAST.
'SHE HELD MY PENIS...
NO! WAIT!.. I HELD MY PENIS. IN THE PALM OF MY HAND
'IN MY LONELY BED.. ON LONELY NIGHTS AFTER LONELY DAYS
'BUT. BUT DIDN'T SHE SQUEEZE MY HAND... DISCREETLY... AS SHE LEFT FOR THE DAY IN TOWN
'SHE LOOKED AT ME WITH HALF A SMILE CAREFUL THAT NO-ONE SHOULD SEE
'I KNEW THEN KNEW THAT WHILE SHE WAS AWAY I'D KILL HER HUSBAND.
'DIDN'T I?
'NO
'THE FRONT STEPS WERE MARBLE AND THE FRONT DOOR OAK, AND IT CAME TO ME TO CLEAN THEM.
'MY FACE WAS STARING AT ITSELF FROM THE REFLECTION OF MY LABOUR AS Mme SAVILLE WENT PAST WITHOUT A PAUSE WITHOUT A GLANCE
'NO HANDS WERE SQUEEZED WELL, TRUE, A HAND WAS HELD, BUT NOT MINE
'DEVLIN, DODDERING DEVLIN HELPED Mme INTO THE CARRIAGE AND TOOK HER HAND .. WITH HALF A SMILE."

THE MURDER ITSELF WAS REAL, AND NO SMILING THEN. WHAT A FIGHT. WHAT A STRUGGLE.
"WHAT A MONSTER. I KILLED A MONSTER. I KILLED...
'. . . A FRIGHTENED MAN IN HIS SUNDAY BEST. A MAN WEAKENED FROM A COMFORTABLE SEAT AT A COMFORTABLE DESK
'A MAN WHO WEPT AND BEGGED FOR HIS LIFE.
'MOST OF THE HOUSEHOLD WAS AWAY
'NONE OF THEM SAW HER TEARS, HER GRIEF. JUST THE GENDARMES AND ME. WE SAW
SHE DIDN'T CRY AT ALL. HER EYES WERE DRIER THAN MY THROAT.
'AND YET I SWORE SHE'D BE SPARED THE SCANDAL."

'SO THE GENDARMES WERE TOLD IT WAS AN ARGUEMENT OVER MONEY.
'AND I BECAME A COMMON KILLER
'INSTEAD OF A MAN IN LOVE
'WISH I COULD REMEMBER MARIE AND ME TOGETHER.
'REMEMBER THE AFTERNOONS THAT'D MAKE THIS ALL WORTH IT.
'WHAT I REMEMBER ARE MORNINGS POLISHING FRONT STEPS
'AND AFTERNOONS POLISHING SILVER


'CANT QUITE RECALL. WHO WAS IT.
'SOMEONE SPENT THEIR AFTERNOONS WITH MARIE.
'SOMEONE WHO WON AT CARDS.
'SOMEONE SUAVE AND MATURE. SOMEONE WHO KNEW WHERE.. HOW. TO TOUCH HER. SOMEONE I WASN'T
'WHO CHEATED ME, THE WAY I CHEATED DEVLIN
'HE WON NO MATTER HOW CAREFULLY I WATCHED THE GAME
'WATCHED.
'WATCHED IT SWING.

'WATCHED AND BELIEVED.

'BELIEVED AND OBEYED.

'DEVLIN.

DEVLIN The MAGNIFICENT HYPNOTIST MESMERIST

'DEVLIN.

'DODDERING DEVLIN?

'D.D.D.D DEBONAIRE

'D. DASHING

'DEVLIN.

'AND MARIE SAVILLE.

'WHO WOULD BELIEVE THIS?

'YOU BASTARD

SMILE, WHY DON'T YOU YOU'VE GOT IT ALL.

...AND SO HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY BEFORE SENTENCE IS PASSED?

'BUT WHAT HAVE I GOT?

'GUILT.

'ANGER.

'SHAME.

'THE GUILLOTINE

'AND I'M STILL A VIRGIN

'OH MERDE"

THE END

FAITH
WHICH
MUST
OFFEND

Editor's Note On "The Toucher"

Although best known for his articles and interviews in FANGORIA, TWILIGHT ZONE, and GORE SHRIEK, Stanley Wiater has had a life-long interest in horror fiction as well. He's published several stories to date, including two which appeared in J.N. Williamson's MASQUES series. However, his first published story has an interesting history. It's called "The Toucher," and once you read it, you'll see why the mainstream magazines of the time rejected it as being too "kinky."

Wiater had heard that the BOSTON PHOENIX newspaper was sponsoring a short story competition which was to be judged by none other than Stephen King. (See letter of congratulations.) On a whim, Wiater sent in his story, as did over 450 other people who had never been published before. It appeared in the May 13, 1980 issue of the newspaper. The story was later published in the now defunct MIKE SHAYNE'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE, which was not known for having a wide horror readership. It also appeared a few years ago in the limited circulation CASTLE ROCK: THE STEPHEN KING NEWSLETTER, for more obvious reasons. We thought it was time that the story finally appeared in a real horror magazine, and that our readers might like to see another side of Stanley Wiater's talents.

—SRB

THE TOUCHER

WATER TALBOT

1989

[illegible] boys [illegible] getting ideas about girls the like of me. I know it is popular talk all about that the bigger a girl [illegible] the little [illegible] brains become, but that don't always work, though [illegible] like to act that it is.

Which is why I carry my small [illegible] good [illegible] bag wherever I go most [illegible] the gentlemanly [illegible] of my present company.

A good luck charm, you say? You could say that. [illegible] believe in luck. I just believe in learning, that they [illegible] and when the time comes, how [illegible] you know. No sir, what's in this speech [illegible] to the Toucher.

[illegible] I [illegible] all my life [illegible] called him [illegible] the Toucher. I was [illegible] years of age then, though, [illegible] I was [illegible] pleasure to [illegible] upon. And I wasn't underdeveloped under the cap of my head [illegible] then, neither. I don't deny I'm still developing in [illegible] places, from [illegible] I keep [illegible] through my [illegible] before I [illegible]

Anyway, when I was a little [illegible] boy [illegible] I was still a [illegible] other [illegible] girl friends, and I don't [illegible] I was [illegible] I was [illegible] fella, and [illegible] wrapped [illegible] could make disappear in a [illegible]. Don't you laugh. I actually [illegible] about things which I [illegible] and enjoyed [illegible] the older and [illegible] to them all grown up talk about [illegible] and such. I figure they [illegible] mind, [illegible] — [illegible] they probably figured I didn't [illegible] the dirty talk they was speaking.

Well [illegible] like [illegible] but some I did. The few books and magazines I came across in the [illegible] and dining room helped [illegible] little, but [illegible] what I was learning in the school then couldn't help a blind coalminer [illegible]. But like I says, I did like to learn. I enjoyed [illegible] things we little [illegible] supposed to be interested in. Or be able to understand right off and then [illegible] what they really mean.

[illegible] came into our lives.

That was not his [illegible] I [illegible] Christian name, [illegible] everybody here heard of him, it being the [illegible] of his relations that still live [illegible]. He [illegible] personal [illegible] for [illegible] and he [illegible] this [illegible] with [illegible] of this.

He was the quiet type, as you might have figured. He didn't have to do anything while he was here, as [illegible] of the [illegible] just supposed to be [illegible] and some of us knew [illegible] behind [illegible] he did. He looked like [illegible] Maybe he had [illegible] of things that had gone on before in his house [illegible]. He didn't look like [illegible] digger [illegible], for sure. But naturally, the [illegible] up [illegible] and [illegible] the other [illegible] of us [illegible] thought he was [illegible] gentleman, kind of [illegible] looking, kind of [illegible] like I says.

[illegible]

I suppose [illegible] the [illegible] people [illegible] or anything like that kind of hurt. But she came running [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] from [illegible] and [illegible]

I told her then what I figured had happened to

her, but I warned her that the man—the Toucher—

not reoccur again.

Things

was not there.

Like the Toucher was

touched like that

[illegible] tung put on me. By then I knews what the Toucher [illegible] I could tell [illegible] I didn't like it at all.

Or him.

[illegible] Toucher probably was truly after, but only found [illegible] the band's takin' a breather.

[illegible] had not [illegible] Abigail [illegible] so that they could be on their guard against the Toucher from now on. They all didn't understand right off when it was they had to be frightened of, and [illegible] didn't understand why they were supposed to be scared of [illegible] themselves alone with him anyhow.

Trouble there was, I didn't know enough about regular [illegible] what they was like for those [illegible] desires.

[illegible] had [illegible] Kraken [illegible] Abigail [illegible] Kraken [illegible] had not.

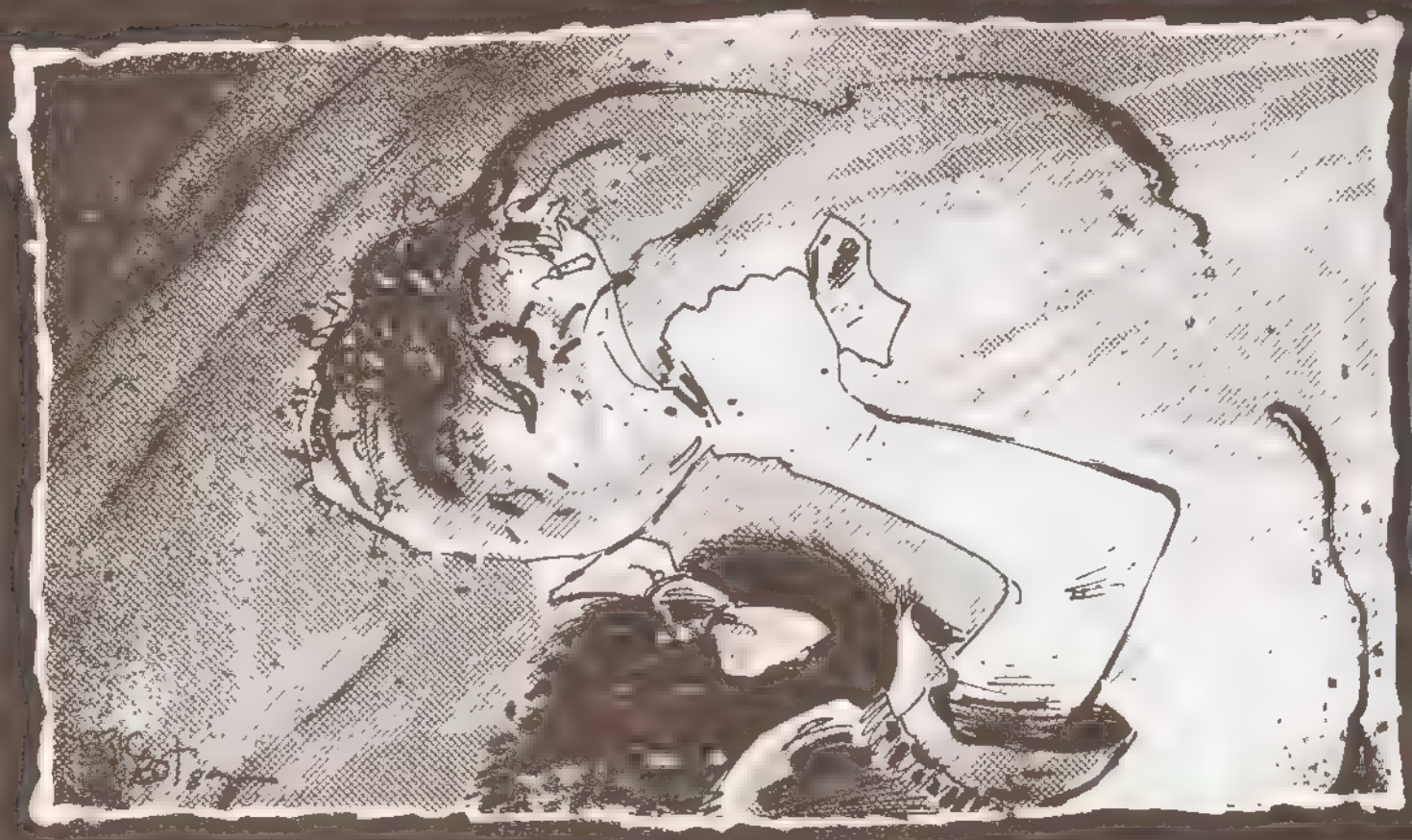
[illegible] doors weather still due us.

My daddy [illegible] Toucher [illegible] I [illegible] the band's takin' a breather.

[illegible] the Toucher [illegible] I would come through the back alley way [illegible] the main road and home. Because by [illegible] the big or life like [illegible] the

for my maiden heart.

Take a look inside.



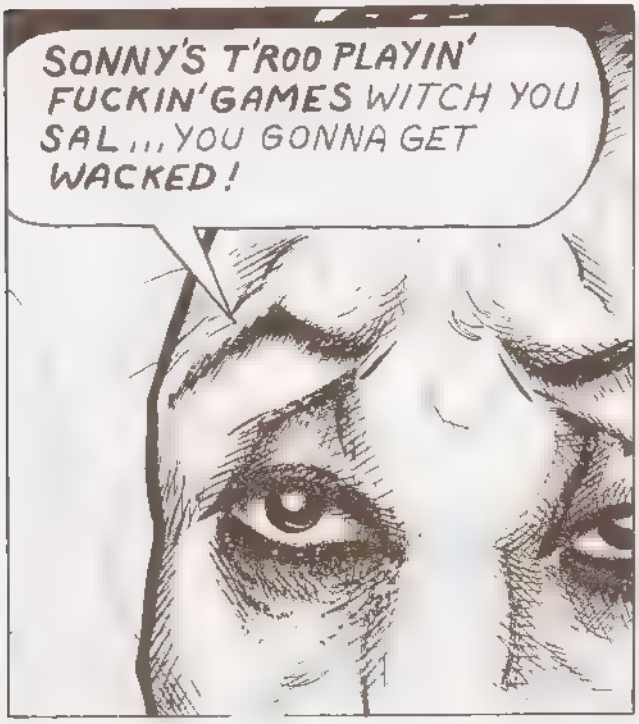
REST ROOM

PELLETIERE © '89

IF YOU DON'T YOU GOTTA GO WIT US... THAT'S ALL I KNOW.

FOR CHRISTS SAKE PHIL, GIVE ME A BREAK! I'LL GET IT. I JUST NEED A COUPLE A DAYS!

YOU DON'T GOT A COUPLE A DAYS SAL. THIS IS YOUR LAST DAY!


SONNY'S T'ROO PLAYIN' FUCKIN' GAMES WITCH YOU SAL... YOU GONNA GET WACKED!

JUST LIKE MY OLD MAN, THE SON OF A BITCH!

SAL, YOU GONNA GET WACKED!
GET UP!
I... SAID... GET... UP!
GET UP!

SAL YOU MAKIN' IT HARDER ON YA SELF. COME ADDA DERE!

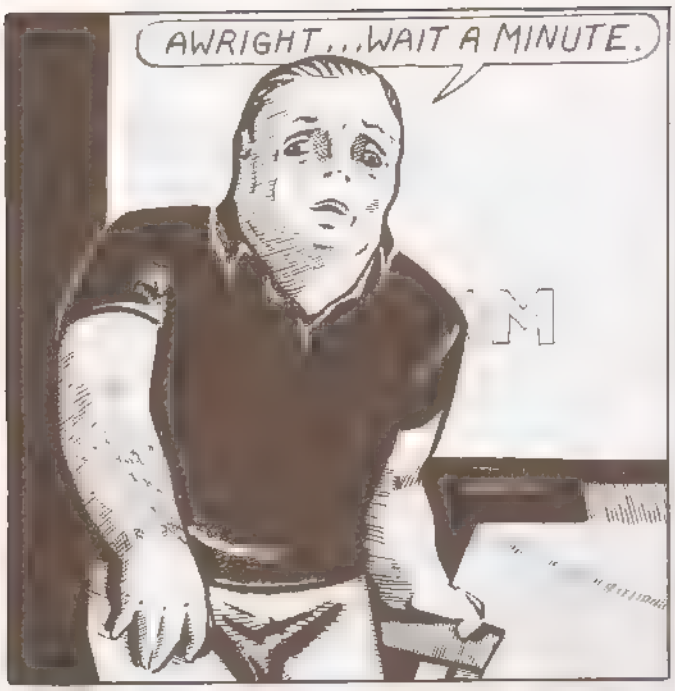
I'M GONNA COUNT TA THREE SAL...

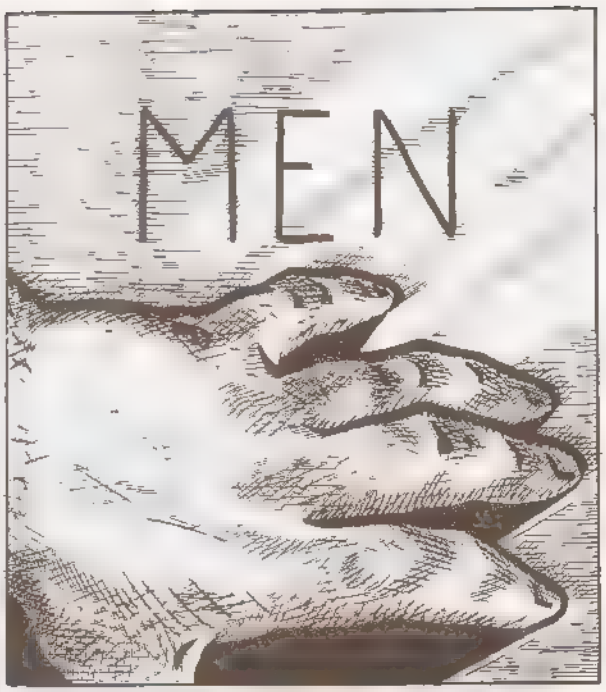
AN'DEN I'M GONNA BREAK DA FUCKIN'DOOR DOWN... ONE!

ARE YOU DREAMIN', OR WHAT? I'M TALKIN' TO YOU!

WHADDA YA LOOKIN' AT SAL? YOU LOOKIN' TO LEAVE? FORGET ABOUT IT. THAT'S NO EXIT.
EXIT

PHIL, PLEASE, COULD I GO TO THE BATHROOM I FEEL SICK...

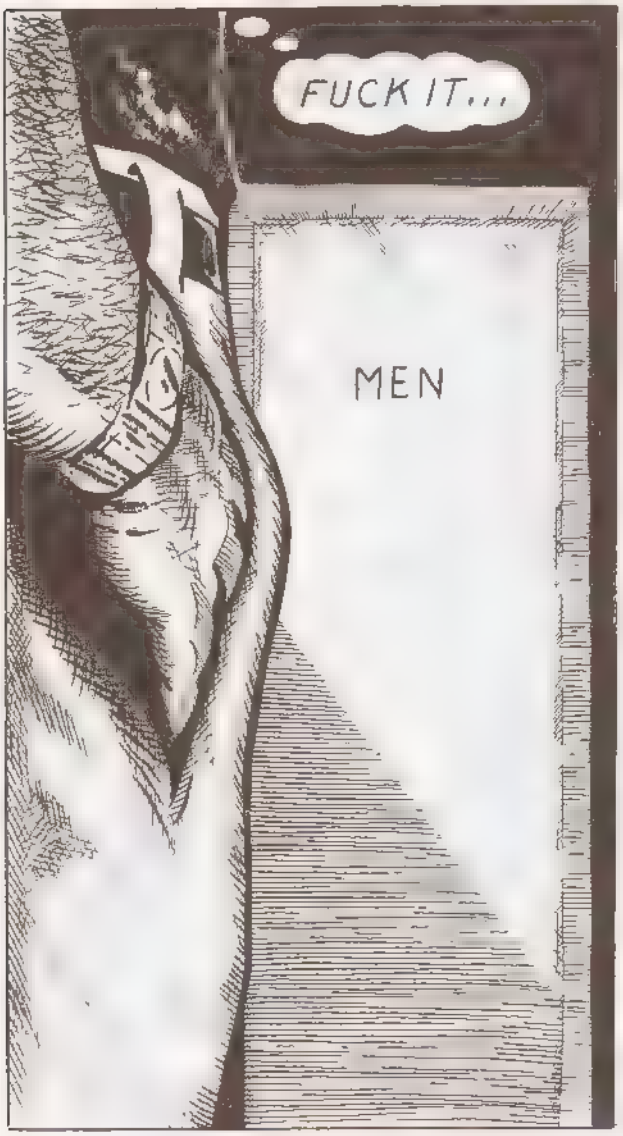

AWRIGHT...WAIT A MINUTE.


MEN

NO WINDAS...
NO NOTHIN'...

TWO... COME ADDA DERE SAL!

THE FUCK HE'S TAKIN'S'LONG?


FUCK IT...
MEN

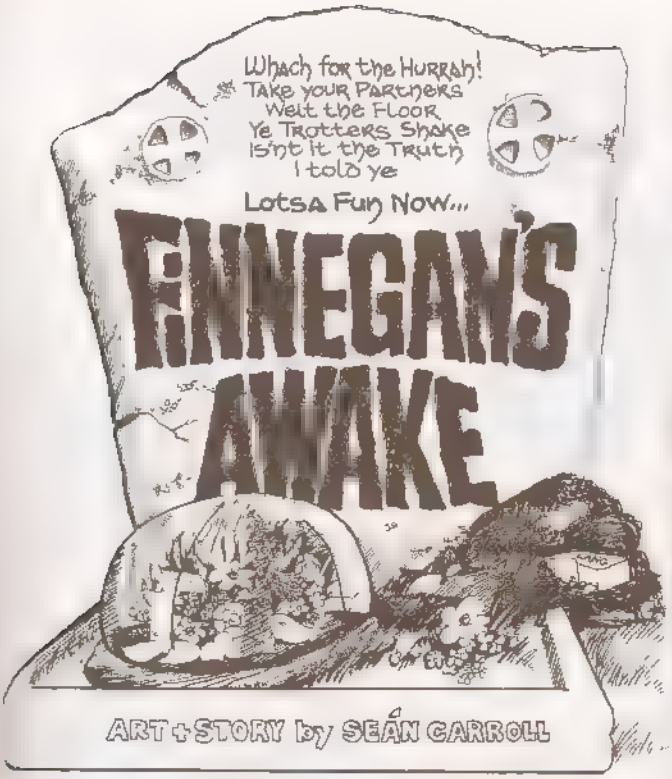
I'LL CLIP 'M RIGHT HERE.
MEN

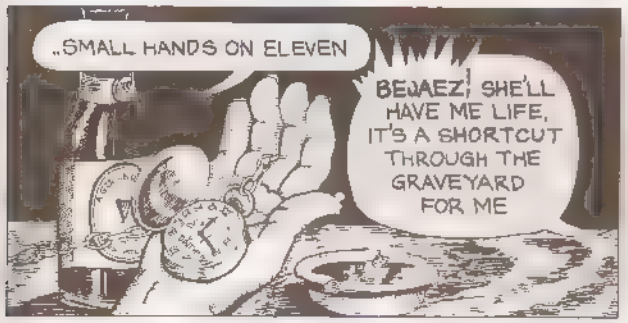
SITTIN' DUCK.

CHRIST!?

THREE.

END





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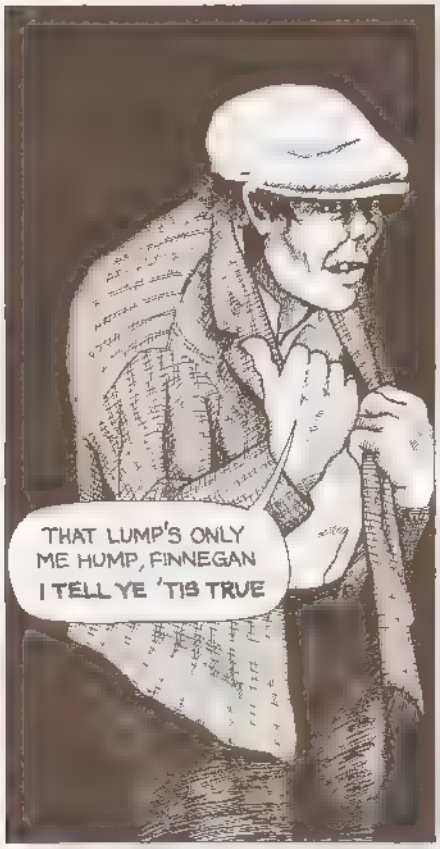
* Oh Look at the Coffin, with Golden Handles
Now isn't it Grand Boye, to be Bloody well Dead
Let's not have a Sniffle, Let's have a Bloo...
* As Sung by Dominic Behan

RAFFERTY IS IT?
OH! HOLY MARY DELIVER ME FROM ALL HARM
WHAT HAVE YE THERE ON YER BACK, RAFFERTY

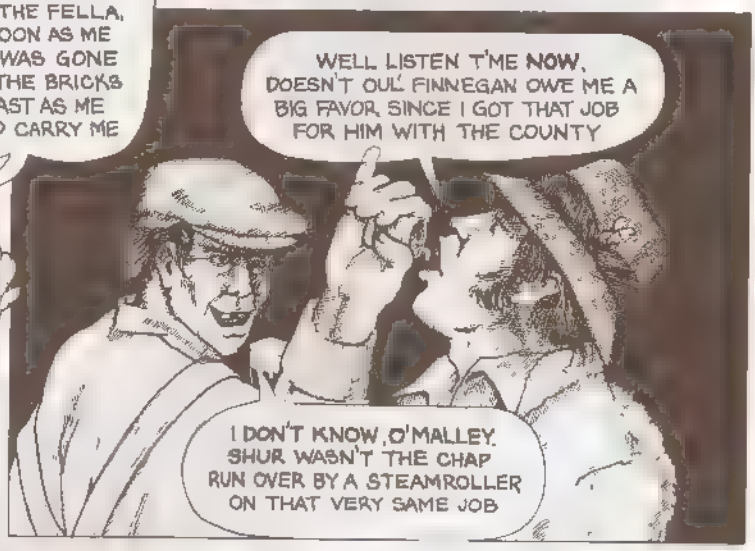

THAT LUMP'S ONLY ME HUMP, FINNEGAN I TELL YE 'TIS TRUE

WELL I'LL HAVE THAT FOR MESELF RIGHT NOW!

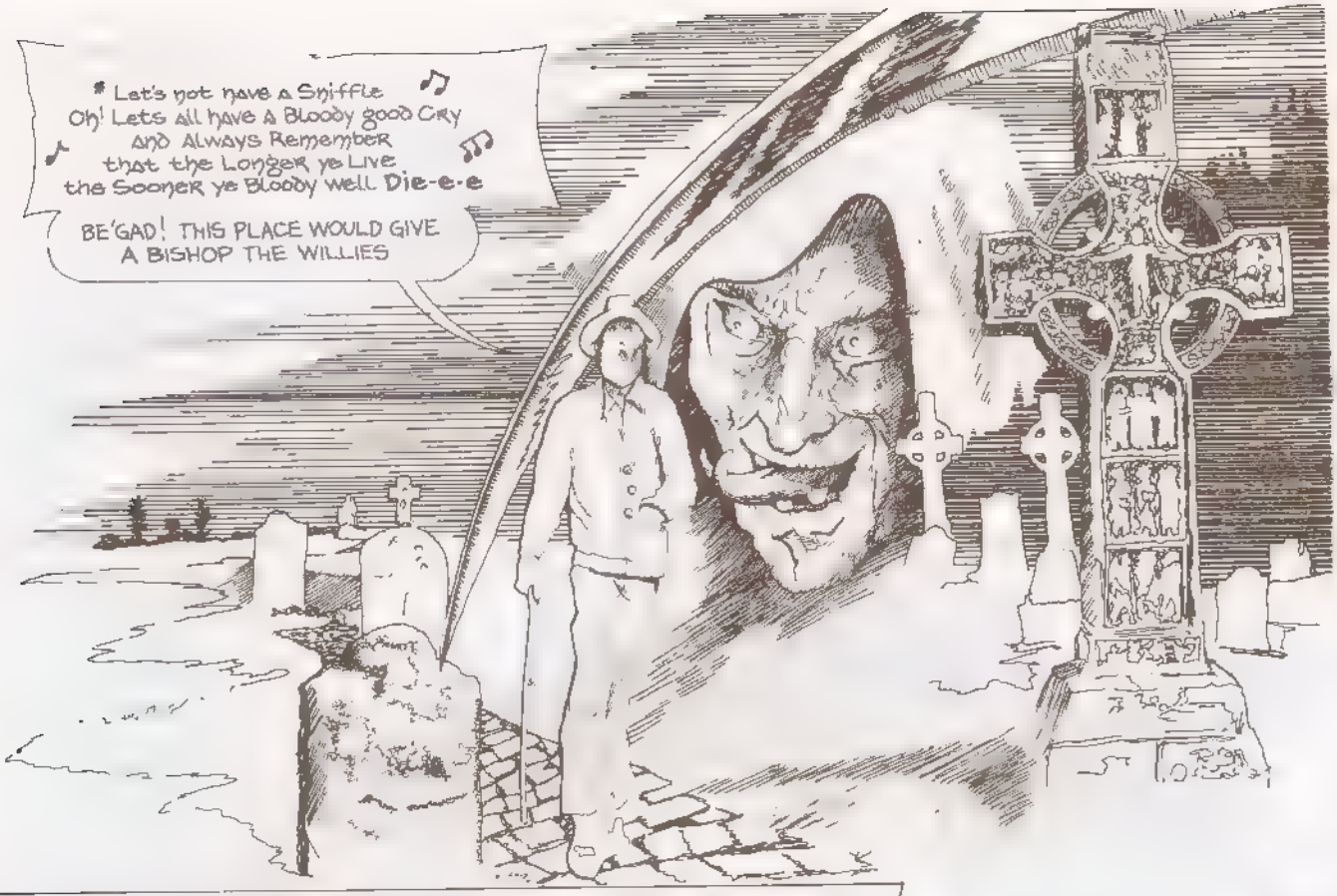
AT TEATIME THE NEXT DAY
WOULD YA LOOK AT WHAT THE WIND JUST BLEW THROUGH THE DOOR
JEYZIZ IT'S RAFFERTY AND ISN'T HE WALKING LIKE A FLAGPOLE

I AM THAT/ AND IT'S THANKS TO FINNEGAN'S SPOOK
SHUR DIDN'T HE SWIPE ME HUMP IN THE GRAVEYARD LAST NIGHT
JUS' TOOK IT OFF ME BACK WITHOUT A HOW'S YER FATHER

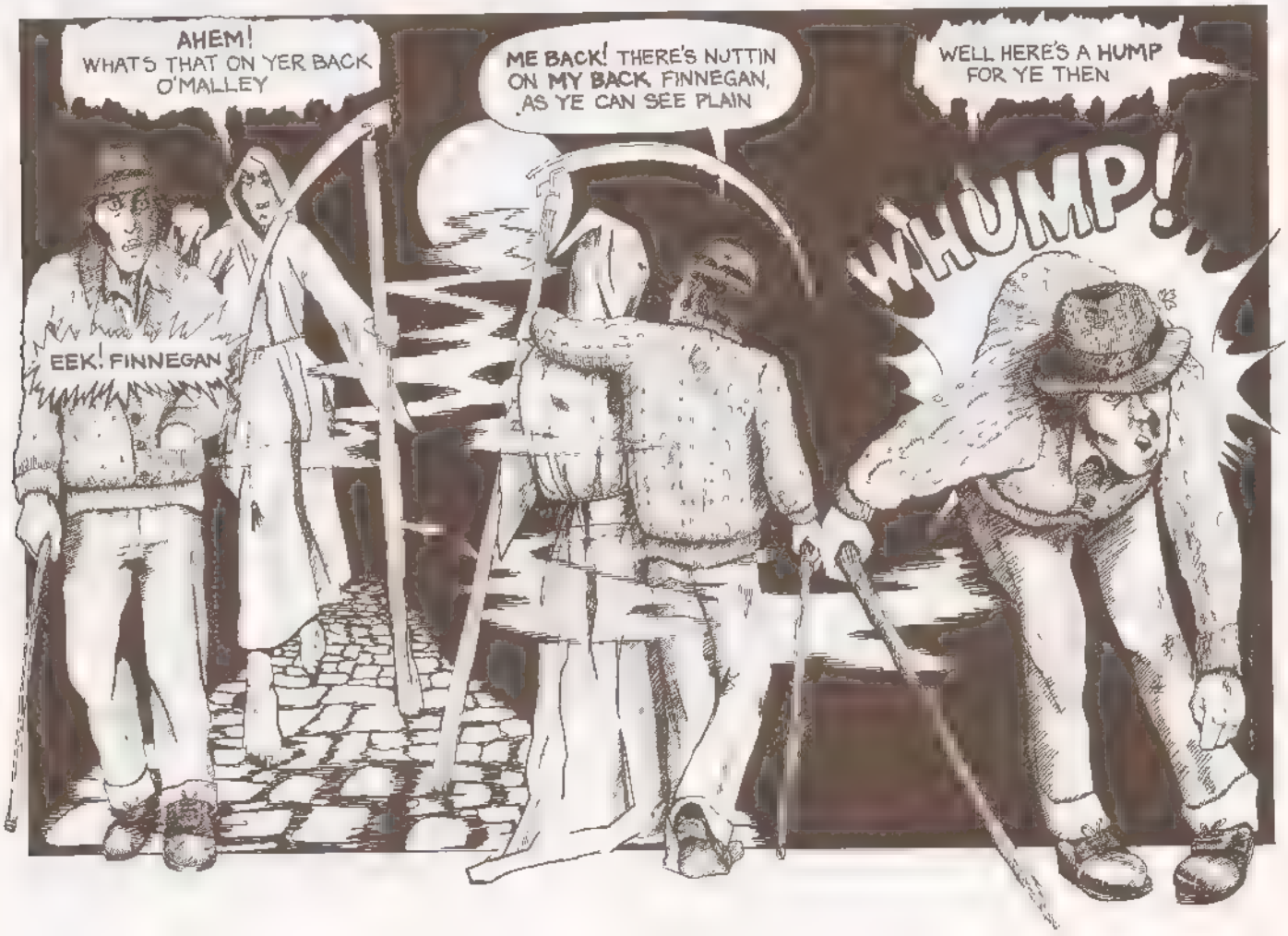
JUST LIKE THAT HUH? DOES HE TAKE LIMPS TOO
I HAVE THIS LEG SINCE I FELL OFF ME MILKHORSE WHEN I WAS A BABBY
WHAT THE HELL'RE YE ASKIN' ME FOR? I DIDN'T STRIKE A CONVERSATION WITH THE FELLA, AS SOON AS ME HUMP WAS GONE I HIT THE BRICKS AS FAST AS ME LEGS'D CARRY ME


WELL LISTEN T'ME NOW, DOESN'T OUL' FINNEGAN OWE ME A BIG FAVOR SINCE I GOT THAT JOB FOR HIM WITH THE COUNTY
I DON'T KNOW, O'MALLEY. SHUR WASN'T THE CHAP RUN OVER BY A STEAMROLLER ON THAT VERY SAME JOB

WHAT ARE YE SAYIN? 'TWASN'T ME DRIVING THE DIVILOFATHING WAS IT
IM OFF! SLÁN!



* As would be sung by Dom'nic's brother Brendan - if he were alive today



DRENCHED IN BLOOD, SHAKING WITH EXHAUSTION, I SLIDE DOWN THE WALL TO THE FLOOR AND JUST SIT THERE, STARING AT MY HANDS. THEY ARE CAKED WITH BLOOD, SO MUCH THAT LAYERS HAVE BLACKENED AND DRIED AND BEEN WASHED AWAY BY FRESH CRIMSON, SO MUCH THAT I FEAR THEY MAY BE PERMANENTLY STAINED.

ARE THEY GONE YET? ARE THE MONSTERS GONE? I'M SURE MOST OF THE SMALLER ONES WERE EATEN BY THEIR LARGER BRETHREN, AND THE LARGER ONES PICKED CLEAN TO THE BONE BY THE SMALLER OR ALL MAY HAVE CRUMBLED TO DUST IN THE CLEAN LIGHT OF DAWN

WHEN WAS IT? WHEN DID I FIRST HEAR THE SCRATCHING OF SMALL CLAWS, THE BEATING OF FISTS, SNAPPING JAWS AND QUICK ANIMAL BREATHS ALL AROUND MY HOUSE, IN THE SHADOWS AND UNSEEN PLACES?

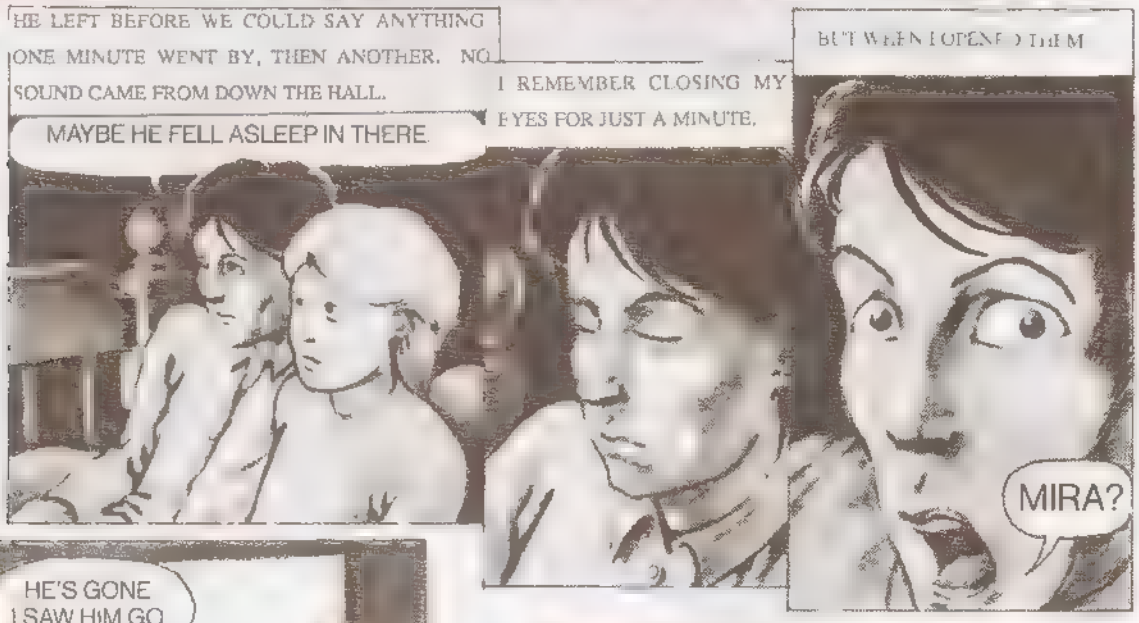
MY FATHER'S HOUSE STOOD AT THE TOP OF THE HILL OUTSIDE OF TOWN, TALL AND PROUD, WOOD POLISHED AND WINDOWS CLEANED

MY FATHER'S HOUSE

IT WAS MY PARENT'S FIRST HOUSE OF THEIR OWN MY FATHER BOUGHT IT SHORTLY BEFORE WE CHILDREN WERE BORN
MY OLDER BROTHER, TODD, CAME FIRST I WAS BORN TWO YEARS LATER AND MIRA, MY SISTER, CAME ONLY ELEVEN MONTHS AFTER ME. WE HAD SPENT OUR WHOLE LIVES HERE
BY THE TIME MY BROTHER WAS EIGHT FATHER HA STARTED TO CONDUCT ALL HIS BUSINESS FROM HIS DEN, AND IN FACT ALMOST NEVER LEFT THE HOUSE UNLESS IT WAS ENTIRELY NECESSARY
MY MOTHER AT FIRST GAVE HIM TROUBLE ABOUT IT, AND HE WAS FORCED TO ACCOMPANY HER AND THE FAMILY ON OUTINGS AND TRIPS
BUT SHORTLY AFTER TODD'S TENTH BIRTHDAY MOTHER FELL ILL, AFTER WHICH SHE COULD ONLY LEAVE THE HOUSE FOR VERY BRIEF PERIODS OF TIME

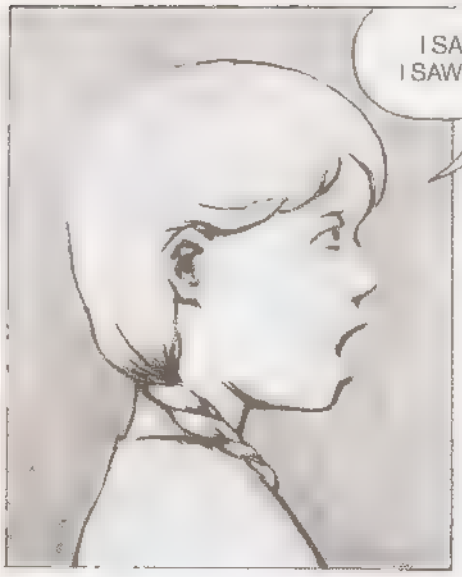
MIRA HAD BEEN THE FIRST TO SEE THEM THE SHADOW CASTERS AND THE SHADOW DWELLERS, FLYING PAST THE WINDOW IN THE MOONLIGHT
MIRA TOLD ME OF THESE THINGS, AND I BELIEVED EVERYTHING SHE SAID.
STORIES! NOTHING BUT LITTLE GIRLY STORIES
I NEVER HEARD THE THINGS SHE HEARD AT NIGHT IN THE ROOM I SHARED WITH TODD, BUT WHEN SHE HEARD THEM, I KNEW SHE DID NOT LIE.
JUST AS TODD BELIEVED NOTHING THAT SHE SAID
WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?
ONE NIGHT I AWOKE TO FIND MIRA STANDING IN THE DOORWAY OF MY ROOM
THEY'RE POWERFUL TONIGHT. THEY WANT ME

WHAT? WHAT'S GOING ON?
THE CREEPIES ARE IN MIRA'S ROOM
OH **REALLY?** I THINK I'LL GO LOOK!


HE LEFT BEFORE WE COULD SAY ANYTHING
ONE MINUTE WENT BY, THEN ANOTHER. NO SOUND CAME FROM DOWN THE HALL.
MAYBE HE FELL ASLEEP IN THERE.
I REMEMBER CLOSING MY EYES FOR JUST A MINUTE.
BUT WHEN I OPENED THEM
MIRA?

HE'S GONE I SAW HIM GO
WHERE?
I FOUND HER JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR TO HER ROOM

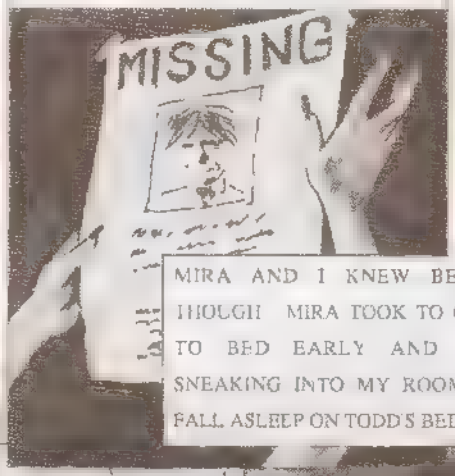
IN THERE, IN MY CLOSET I **NEVER** GO IN **THERE!**
IT WAS TRUE. SINCE MOTHER HAD TAKEN ILL IT HAD JUST BEEN USED FOR STORAGE. MIRA KEPT ALL HER CLOTHES IN HER DRESSER



MIRA WOULD SAY NO MORE. SHE RAN BACK INTO MY ROOM AND FELL ASLEEP ON TODD'S BED, AND WOULDN'T RISE ALL THE NEXT DAY

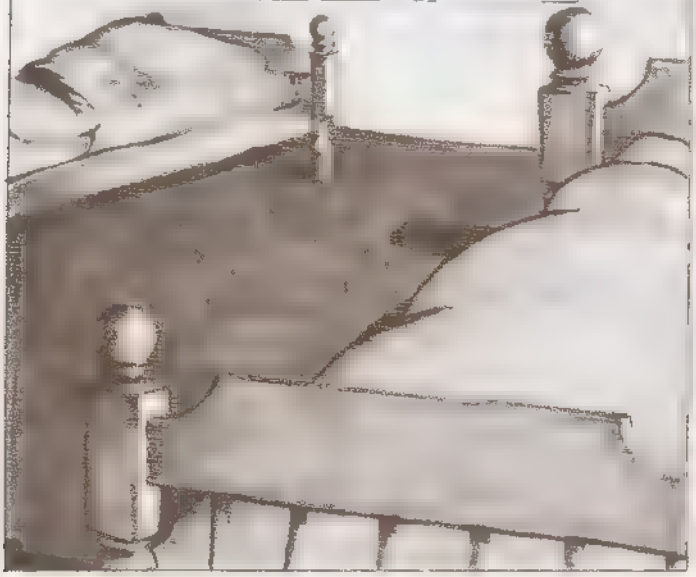
AFTER SEARCHES AVAILED NOTHING, MY PARENTS ASSUMED THAT TODD HAD EITHER RUN AWAY OR BEEN KIDNAPED.

THE HOPE THAT TODD WAS STILL ALIVE, AND MIGHT RETURN, CAUSED OUR MOTHER TO RECOVER BRIEFLY FROM HER ILLNESS



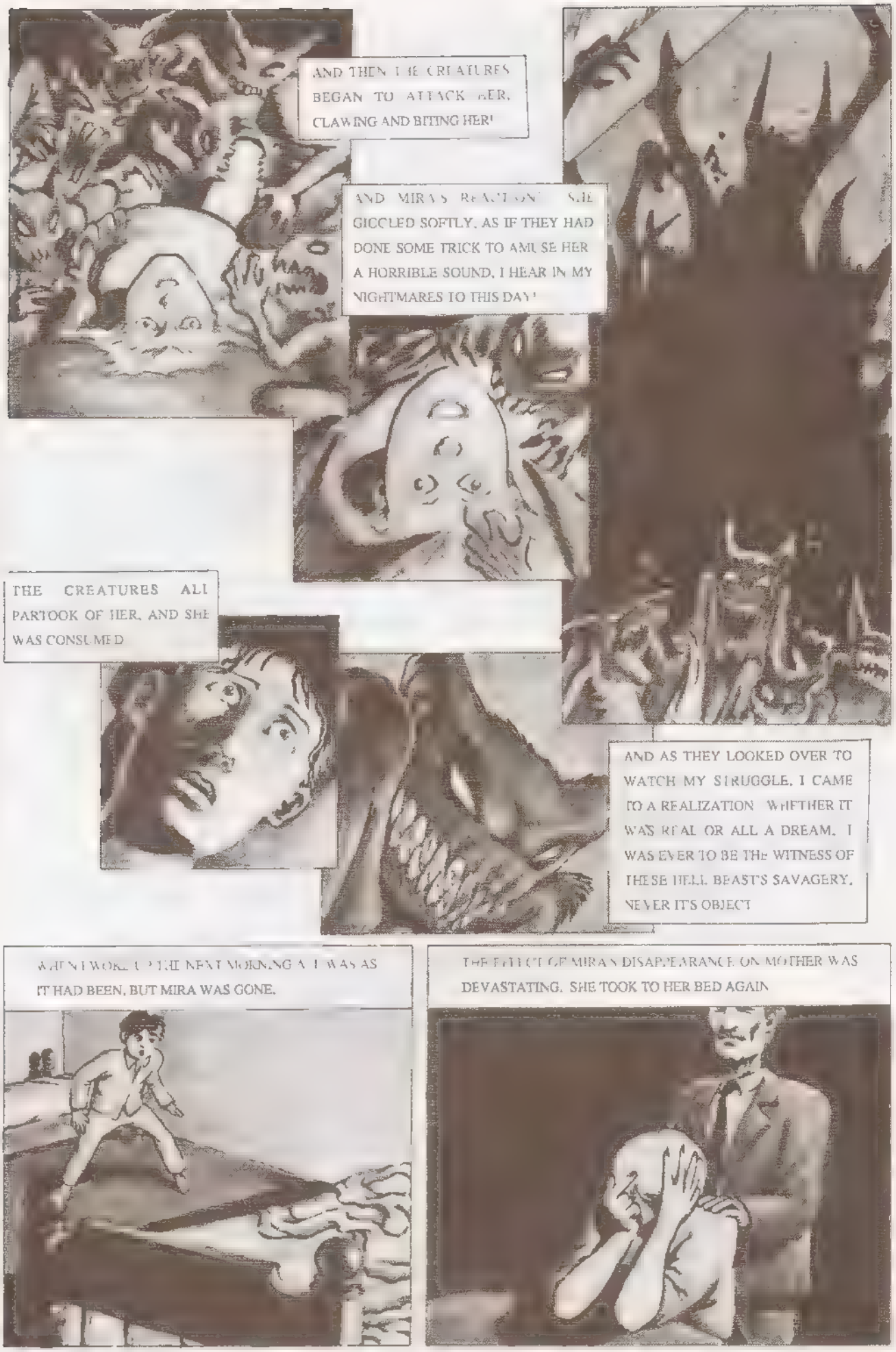
MIRA AND I KNEW BETTER, THOUGH. MIRA TOOK TO GOING TO BED EARLY AND THEN SNEAKING INTO MY ROOM TO FALL ASLEEP ON TODD'S BED

SHE TOOK THE BLANKET FROM HER OWN BED TO AVOID THE TROUBLE OF MAKING TODD'S BED BEFORE SNEAKING BACK EVERY MORNING. WE SLEPT IN THE SAFETY OF EACH OTHER'S COMPANY



ONE NIGHT, ABOUT THREE MONTHS AFTER TODD DISAPPEARED, I HAD A STRANGE AND TERRIBLE DREAM.

IN MY DREAM, THE CLOCK STRUCK TWELVE AND I AWAKENED MY BEDSHEETS WERE WET WITH SWEAT, AND I TRIED TO FREE MY ARMS AND LEGS, BUT I WAS IMMOBILIZED
I LOOKED OVER AND SAW THEM THE CREEPIES
THEY WERE FAR MORE HOR. I THAN I HAD ALLOWED MYSELF TO IMAGINE, AND THEY SURROUNDED MERA IN LER BED


AND THEN THE CREATURES BEGAN TO ATTACK HER, CLAWING AND BITING HER!
AND MIRA'S REACTION? SHE GIGGLED SOFTLY, AS IF THEY HAD DONE SOME TRICK TO AMUSE HER A HORRIBLE SOUND, I HEAR IN MY NIGHTMARES TO THIS DAY!
THE CREATURES ALL PARTOOK OF HER, AND SHE WAS CONSUMED
AND AS THEY LOOKED OVER TO WATCH MY STRUGGLE, I CAME TO A REALIZATION WHETHER IT WAS REAL OR ALL A DREAM. I WAS EVER TO BE THE WITNESS OF THESE HELL BEAST'S SAVAGERY, NEVER IT'S OBJECT
WHEN I WOKE UP THE NEXT MORNING, ALL WAS AS IT HAD BEEN, BUT MIRA WAS GONE.
THE EFFECT OF MIRA'S DISAPPEARANCE ON MOTHER WAS DEVASTATING. SHE TOOK TO HER BED AGAIN

AND MY FATHER SEEMED STRANGELY UNMOVED BY THIS MIRA ONCE SUGGESTED TO ME THAT HE KNEW ABOUT THE CREEPIES, BUT I R. USE TO BELIEVE IT.

AFTER THIS IT WAS DECIDED I SHOULD GO AWAY TO SCHOOL.

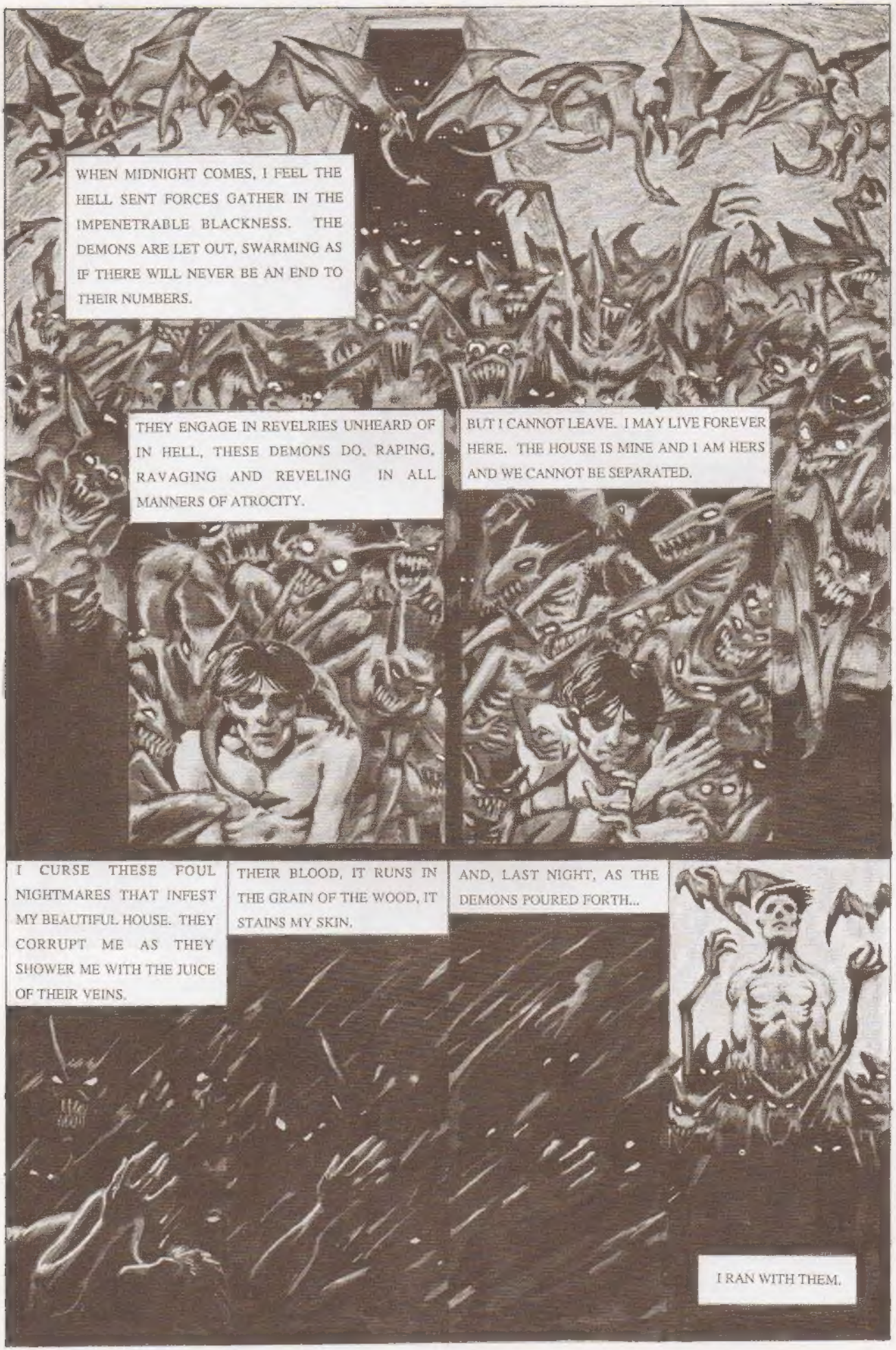
ALTHOUGH I RECIEVED MANY LETTERS FROM MOTHER AND FATHER, I NEVER WENT HOME, EVEN FOR VACATIONS

BUT I OFTEN THOUGHT OF THE HOUSE. OF RETURNING THERE. AND I THOUGHT OF THE CREEPIES. DID THEY EXIST OR WAS IT ALL A DREAM?

IN MY JUNIOR YEAR OF COLLEGE, THE LETTERS ABRUPTLY STOPPED. I THEN RECIEVED WORD THAT MY FATHER HAD GONE COMPLETELY INSANE. MY MOTHER HAD SIMPLY VANISHED

AND SO, AT LAST I RETURNED

I THOUGHT: "THIS IS *MY* HOUSE. I SHALL LIVE HERE NOW.
I EXPLORED EVERY ROOM IN THE HOUSE, ONE BY ONE. I SAVED MIRA'S ROOM FOR LAST.
IT WAS COLD AND EMPTY IN THERE. I HAVE SURMISED THAT THIS ROOM IS IN THE EXACT CENTER OF THE HOUSE. NO SUNLIGHT REACHES MY SISTER'S ROOM.
I SLEPT THERE THAT NIGHT, SLIPPING IN AND OUT OF DREAMS...
...DREAMS OF THE CREATURES. DREAMS OF NIGHTS COLORED CRIMSON WITH THE BLOOD OF THEIR VICTIMS. DREAMS OF THIS HOUSE AT MIDNIGHT, FILLED WITH THEIR REVELLING AND WARRING.
I SLEPT THROUGH THE FOLLOWING DAY, AS I HAVE SLEPT THROUGH EVERY DAY SINCE. I EAT LITTLE, I DON'T SEEM TO NEED MUCH ANY MORE.


WHEN MIDNIGHT COMES, I FEEL THE HELL SENT FORCES GATHER IN THE IMPENETRABLE BLACKNESS. THE DEMONS ARE LET OUT, SWARMING AS IF THERE WILL NEVER BE AN END TO THEIR NUMBERS.
THEY ENGAGE IN REVELRIES UNHEARD OF IN HELL, THESE DEMONS DO. RAPING, RAVAGING AND REVELING IN ALL MANNERS OF ATROCITY.
BUT I CANNOT LEAVE. I MAY LIVE FOREVER HERE. THE HOUSE IS MINE AND I AM HERS AND WE CANNOT BE SEPARATED.
I CURSE THESE FOUL NIGHTMARES THAT INFEST MY BEAUTIFUL HOUSE. THEY CORRUPT ME AS THEY SHOWER ME WITH THE JUICE OF THEIR VEINS.
THEIR BLOOD, IT RUNS IN THE GRAIN OF THE WOOD, IT STAINS MY SKIN.
AND, LAST NIGHT, AS THE DEMONS POURED FORTH...
I RAN WITH THEM.

RESURRECTION CONT'D.: George Turner in 1966 modelled his *Monster Gallery* pages rigorously after *Eerie*'s established format, topping each with remarkable approximations of Jack Davis' Cousin Eerie design (in scratchboard on the preceding page, in drybrush at left) and completing pencil drawings and principal figure inks, as well as lettering the text in a style compatible with that of the magazines' master letterer, Ben Oda. But when the *Gallery* (not to mention *Eerie* magazine itself, as well as its companion title *Creepy*) abruptly ceased using fresh material — which is a story for another day — Turner stored these pages unfinished and rechannelled his energies into researching what would become a seminal book of American motion-picture history, *The Making of King Kong* (1975; with Dr. Orville Goldner). Later, while working with Michael H. Price on an encyclopedic film-history book called *Forgotten Horrors* (1979; revised 1986), Turner made a gift of his partially completed *Monster Gallery* pages to Price, who had them matted and framed "as is." Separate projects — including Turner's editorship of *American Cinematographer* magazine and Price's involvement with the 4Winds/Eclipse *Prowler* comics serials — have occupied their time during the greater portion of the 1980s. While at work again with Turner in 1989 on two forthcoming movie books, Price removed these *Gallery* pieces from their frames, prepared actual-size reproduction masters, and on those facsimiles applied inked backgrounds based on Turner's 1966 pencils. Herewith, their unlikely coda to . . .

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